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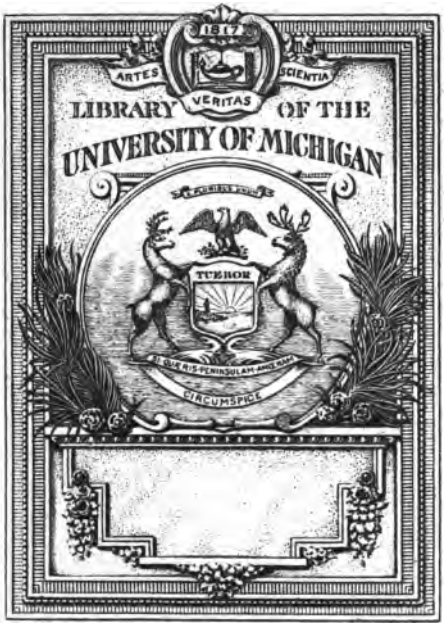
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25

A CERTAIN

Dutiful Son's

LAMENTATION

FOR THE

DEATH

OF A CERTAIN

Right Reverend.

Bishop Burnet

A DISSERTATION

ON THE

PLAGUE

OR A QUESTION

Right Reverend.

A CERTAIN

DUTIFUL SON's LAMENTATION

FOR THE

DEATH

OF A CERTAIN

Right Reverend.

WITH THE

Certain Particulars of *Certain Sums*, and *Goods* that are bequeath'd Him, which He will moſt *Certainly* part with in a *Certain* Time.

Written in Hudibraſtick *Verſe.*

To which is added,

A *Certain FUNERAL POEM* upon a very *Uncertain Moſt Honourable*; by the very ſame Numerical *Certain* SQUIRE.

LONDON:

Printed for *J. Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*; and *S. Jeeves* next *Spread-Eagle Chocolate-Houſe*, in *Bridges-ſtreet*, near the *Play-Houſe*. 1715. [*Price* 4 *d.*]

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A CERTAIN

Dutiful Son's

LAMENTATION.

WELL, ſince my Venerable Dad is,
As I ſtill wiſh'd him, gone to *Hades*;
And I, by his well tim'd Deceaſe,
May write, and ſcribble what I pleaſe;
May run ſuch Lengths, as I think fit,
In Scandal, without Fear or Wit;
And under no Reſtraint, diſplaying
That I'm for Hacking, Hewing, Slaying

MFP

The

Thout any manner of Regard
To Place where he would be interr'd
Whether in Church, Cathedral, or Churchyard.

Imprimis, My old Sire remembers
Three hundred Pounds were paid for Chambers,
More Hundreds, I must own, by Three
Than I shall get for Lawyer's Fee,
Since Law is too perplex'd a Study,
For one whose Brains, like mine, are muddy,
And therefore leaves me so much shorter
Than any other Son or Daughter;
Tho' he might full as well deduct
For Books, which I for Money truck'd,
When Christian Faith grew monstrous Sick,
And I, could not MOHOCK on *Tick*.

Item,

Item, When his Estate is sold,
And turn'd to Silver and to Gold,
Excepting Gifts that Codicil
Pronounces added to his Will;
When all his Books are auctioner'd,
And Funeral Expences clear'd;
When Virtuous Archdeacon *Heady*,
(A Name that's Sainted by the Godly)
Has in Conjunction with three others
Of the same Stamp, as if sworn Brothers,
Gone each of them their several Rounds
Amongst the Poor, with Twenty Pounds,
Videlicet, Five Pounds a piece
For *Sarum*'s Close, and Parishes;
When all his Servants have been fed,
And kept a Month at Board and Bed;

When, afterwards, they've been dismiss'd,
With Half-Year's Wages Each in Fist,
And Teacher of his School has *gratis*
The same *Pecuniis numeratis*;
When Ninety nine Pounds, set aside
For Kirk of *Scotland* to provide,
Have rais'd more than Two thousand Sterling,
For School-House to teach Boys and Girls in,
That six smart Scholars may be seen
In Chambers six at *Aberdeen*,
There to be taught to Cant and Pray
In his belov'd *John Calvin*'s Way;
When Cousin *Gilbert* has been paid
Pounds Fifty for Conveyance made,
And his good Friend *John Warner*'s Son
Has the like Money told him down:

Then

Then what remains of the Produce
Muſt go t' his Sons and Daughters Uſe;
Amongſt whom, ſure as Eggs are Eggs,
I'm t' have a ſixth ſhare of the Megs.

Item, I give Son *Thomas*, ſaid he,
(O theſe are Goods will fetch the Ready)
All Things within the Room I lie in
Now at St. *John*'s, and which I die in;
As alſo, ſince that I can ſpare 'em,
Thoſe in my Cloſet now at *Sarum*.
My Silver Medals — *They ſhall go* —
And ſo ſhall all his Golden too —
My Chain that's Gold — *'twill ſell by Weight*,
With other Utenſils of State;

A CERTAIN

Dutiful Son's

LAMENTATION

FOR THE

DEATH

OF A CERTAIN

Right Reverend.

Bishop Burnet

My Strong Box which my Secrets sleep in —
Doubtless this Legacy's worth keeping,
And has some merry Papers in't
May, one day, pass for Mine in Print.
The Scotish *Black Arts* — O my Sire!
How I grow warm with genial Fire!
How I this grant must hold confest
Greater in Value than the Rest,
And with thy Spirit am possest!
Since, tho' my Brother *Gilbert* shares
The Fruits of all thy studious Cares,
And by the *Papers* thou hast left
Wholly to him by Deed of Gift,
May, by thy Writings learned thought,
Solely *make use of* what thou'st wrote,

I, that as yet ne'er had a Hand in
What ſhew'd leaſt Glimpſe of Underſtanding,
Tho' I have try'd all Means and Ways
My Fortunes by my Fame to raiſe,
And Libell'd *Halifax* with Praiſe,
Shall now for Man of *Notice* paſs,
And be a Conjurer that was an A—

A CERTAIN

Funeral POEM,

UPON A

VERY UNCERTAIN

Moſt Honourable,

Who is moſt *Certainly* Dead.

Written by a Certain SQUIRE.

GRIM *Death* by Couples ſure intends
To ſingle out our Party's Friends,
And makes them know for all their Haſtes,
Snobs muſt not go beyond their Laſts;

Nor, whatſoever Schemes are laid,
That Pantile Projects may ſucceed,
Think to go forward with their Shew,
Since to be ſure is to be ſlow,
Not ſink precipitately low.
Elſe cloy'd with brawny P——te's Carkaſs,
'Twould not have whipp'd away L—— M——ſs,
And, by repeating of its Stroke,
After the Gown have ſent the Cloak.

Alas, and well a day! as ſoon
As it had ſnatch'd the *Scottiſh* Loon,
And march'd off laden on its Back
With S—— like a Pedlar's Pack,
It came, with Wings upon its Feet,
From *St. John's* into *Dover-ſtreet*,

There,

There, there to act the self-same Part on
The good, the pious, just L— *Wh*—
Who, tho' unwilling to go thence,
Before he'd giv'n his Evidence,
And voted off their Heads who did
Whatever their good Mistress bid,
Was forc'd, howe'er he hung an A—se,
And cry'd such Men as he were scarce,
To quit his Titles, and Estates,
His *Woodstock* and *New-Market* Plates,
His running Horses, Hounds, and W——
His Signet, and his unpaid Scores,
In Duty to stern Fate that trick'd him,
And made him its unpity'd Victim,

While those whole Quarters he would dish up,
The Duke, Earl, Viscount, Lord, and Bishop,
Still live to gladden Church-Upholders,
With Each his Head upon his Shoulders.

Who, now the Grand Destroyer's got him,
And into's Father's Saw-Pit put him,
Shall our young N—bles draw aside,
Under the Notion of their Guide,
And teach them other Paths to tread in,
Than their Sires caus'd them to be bred in,
That in the Mansions of the Blest
Allay their Beatifick Rest
With Horror and Distress to see
Their Base degenerate Progeny?

Who

Who now shall set the Mob a Roaring?
Who countenance the Art of Scoring?
And at Elections here and there
Treſpaſs on Chalk for Wine and Beer,
To ſtrengthen Cauſe whoſe Credit ſuch is,
As not to ſtand without thoſe Crutches,
Nor make them think their Choice is free,
Till they have loſt their Liberty,
Since it muſt be confeſs'd and own'd,
Thoſe that are Br—b'd are ſurely bound.

Woe to the Party, now there's none
Can hide about from Sun to Sun,
Or travel Northward from the South,
From Shire of *B—cks* to C——*mouth*,

And

And thence to take the Part of *Whigs*,
Kiss Freemen's Wives at *B——brigg*,
There to convince the good Sir *Br——n*,
That no Man Tenants can relie on,
Howe'er he mercifully treats 'em,
Or in Arrears of Rent abates 'em,
Since past good Offices give way
To Bounties of the present Day,
And he th'Ascendant always gets,
That *pays*, not that *forgives* their Debts.

Nor has the Virtuous P—— departed
(Whom we must weep for broken-hearted)
Left us a Successor behind,
That may be call'd Cat after kind,

Or

Or like the two-legg'd Species, who
Prefer *Turk*, *Infidel*, and *Jew*,
To such as orthodoxly serve
Heaven's Deity without Reserve,
That can like *W—n* with Energy
Rail at by Law-eſtabliſh'd Clergy,
Or equal his Exceſs of Malice
Againſt the Surplice and the Chalice,
With all the Forms and ſerious Motions
Made uſe of at High-Church Devotions:
Witneſs the Time when he like *Culprit*
Shew'd his Abhorrence of the Pulpit,
And in a Conſecrated Place
Down'd with his two Dung-hampers Caſe,

There to befoul their House of Prayer,
Which all but We approach with Fear;
And prov'd, that tho' he, who could not Roast
A Priest, according to his Boast,
Was well appriz'd of Means and Ways,
A never dying Fame to raise,
And maugre vain Attempts to blacken
The Church-Men, which he ne'er was slack in,
Could perpetrate a Crime as great
In making that Religious Seat,
From whence sound Gospel-Truths dispens'd,
His most unrighteous Soul incens'd,
A Lay-stall whereupon to vent
His Irreligious Excrement.

So,

So, when th'*Ephesian* Temple blaz'd,
All but *Erostratus*, amaz'd,
Beheld the sacred Fabrick burn,
And gilded Spires to Ashes turn;
Whilst he, to be renown'd in Story,
Made what was their Affright his Glory,
And, lost to Sense of inward Guilt,
Transports of Joy profusely felt,
That he b'*Impiety* should gain
A Name that *Piety* could not obtain.

And O farewell thrice happy Shade,
Thou art with Him immortal made.

Where'er the Name of *Whig* ſhall fly,
Or Faction ſhall be mounted high;
Where'er *Geneva*'s Saint-like Race
Shall found Dominion upon Grace,
And on the Church get up and ride,
When known to be the weakeſt Side;
There, ſhalt Thou be the beſt of Men,
While *Abel Boyer* wields a Pen,
While *Ridpath* for the Cauſe indites,
Or *Dunton*'s Ghoſt appears and writes,
And for ſo doing's thought a rare one,
By his faſt Friend the learned B—ron;
While a whole Fund is ſunk and loſt
For Barracks at a Kingdom's Coſt,

And yet not one of them is found
Built up for Thirty thouſand Pounds;
While, in one Word, to ſay no more,
Fools learn to Truſt, and Knaves to Score.